A POWER COMIC

DAREDEVIL IS HERE—SEE INSIDE!

SMASH!

No.76
15th JULY 1967
EVERY MONDAY
7d

AUSTRALIA 18c. EAST AFRICA 1.00 WEST AFRICA 10c. SOUTH AFRICA 8c. RHODESIA 1/- NEW ZEALAND 1/-(10c.)

BATMAN

With ROBIN The Boy Wonder

BATMAN AIMS TO SHOOT THE CROOKED "COLLECTOR" A LINE —BUT THE HEAVY BAT-HOOK MISSES, AND...

MR. BENNY! LOOK OUT!

THUNK!

I'M PAYING YOU $1,000 AN HOUR! COULDN'T YOU SHOOT A LITTLE STRAIGHTER?

I GUESS HE'S ENTITLED TO A THREE-MINUTE REBATE, ROBIN!

15 STORIES UP, THE BAT HOOK DIGS INTO THE PENTHOUSE BALCONY...

CHUNK!

GOT IT! LET'S GO, BATMAN!

IF YOU HAVE ANY TROUBLE WHILE WE'RE GONE, MR. BENNY, JUST SOUND THE BAT HORN!

NOW WAIT A MINUTE!

I'M GOING WITH YOU!

HOLY ALBATROSS!

BUT IT'S 15 FLOORS STRAIGHT UP, MR. BENNY!

IT TAKES A TRAINED ATHLETE!

YOU THINK I WANT PEOPLE TO THINK I CAN'T DO ANYTHING A KID LIKE ROBIN CAN DO? I INSIST!

IN THAT CASE--BE OUR GUEST!

WELL! THAT'S MORE LIKE IT!

FOLLOW THE BATLINE OVER THE PAGE...

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I KNOW THAT, ROBIN!
THE TRICK IS TO KEEP CLIMBING, MR. BENNY-- AND NOT TO LOOK DOWN!
Distributed by The Ledger Syndicate, Inc.
ARE YOU SURE THIS SKINNY ROPE IS STRONG ENOUGH?
SUPER-MOLECULARIZED NYLON--IT TESTS AT 700 POUNDS!
© 1967 National Periodical Publications, Inc.
700 POUNDS! HMPH! HE DOESN'T HAVE TO BE SO INSULTING ABOUT IT!
BOB KANE
CAN'T YOU CLIMB A LITTLE FASTER, BOYS? THIS IS GETTING EXPENSIVE!
WE CAN'T CLIMB ANY FASTER!
YOU'RE IN THE WAY, MR. BENNY!
MEANWHILE, IN THE ROOFTOP RETREAT OF THAT PREDATORY PURLOINER OF PRECIOUS PROPERTIES --"THE COLLECTOR"...
WE GOT TROUBLE, BOSS!
NEVER INTERRUPT ME WHILE I'M STUDYING MY STOCK OF STOLEN STAMPS!
OKAY, I JUST THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW BATMAN AND ROBIN ARE ON THEIR WAY UP-- WITH JACK BENNY!
WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO!! WHERE ARE THEY??
CLIMBING A BAT ROPE!
TSK! THEY SEEM TO BE IN A PRETTY PRECARIOUS POSITION! CUT THE ROPE!
BUT--BOSS, THE KNIFE SHATTERED!
SEEMS LIKE A LUCKY 'BREAK' FOR BATMAN, ROBIN AND BENNY— BUT SEE NEXT WEEK!

BAD PENNY

AMMO

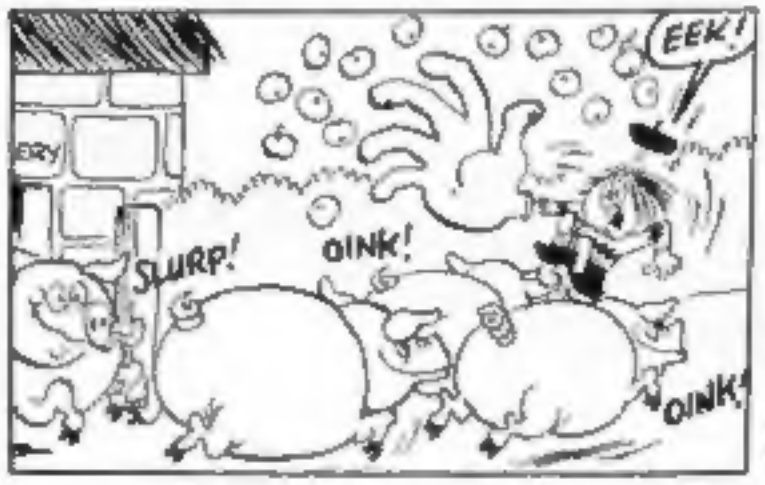
ONE PENNY
1967

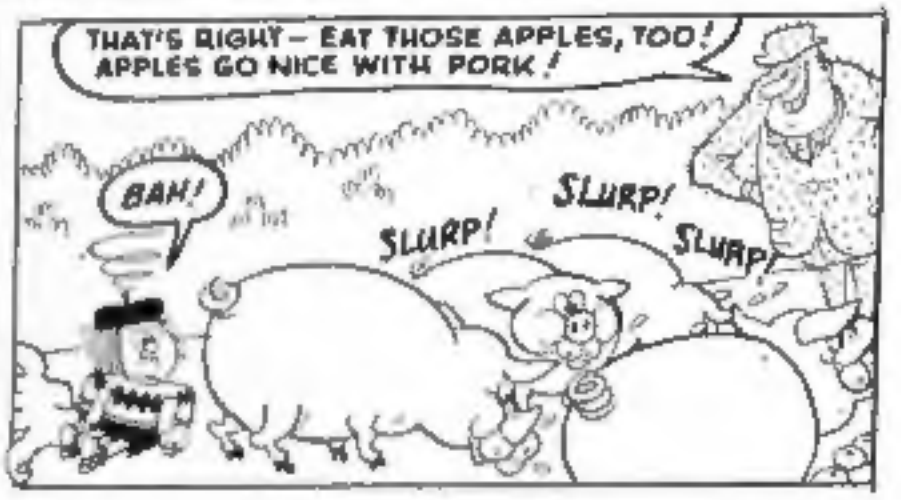
I'M ALWAYS READY TO LEND A HELPING HAND!

I'M LENDING A HELPING HAND—I'M HELPING MYSELF! SNIGGER!
AARG! MUST BE A MONSTER FROM MARS!

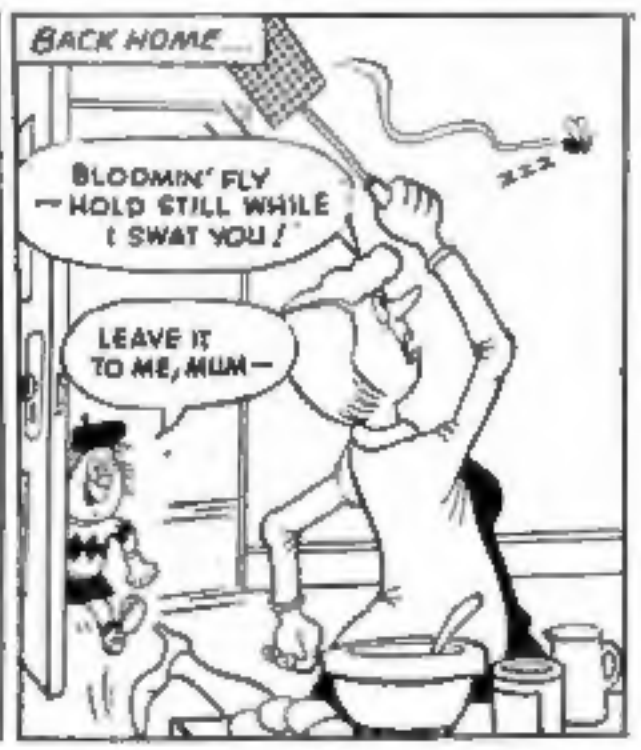
WHAT'S HE MAD ABOUT? I ONLY TOOK ONE HANDFUL!
FUME!

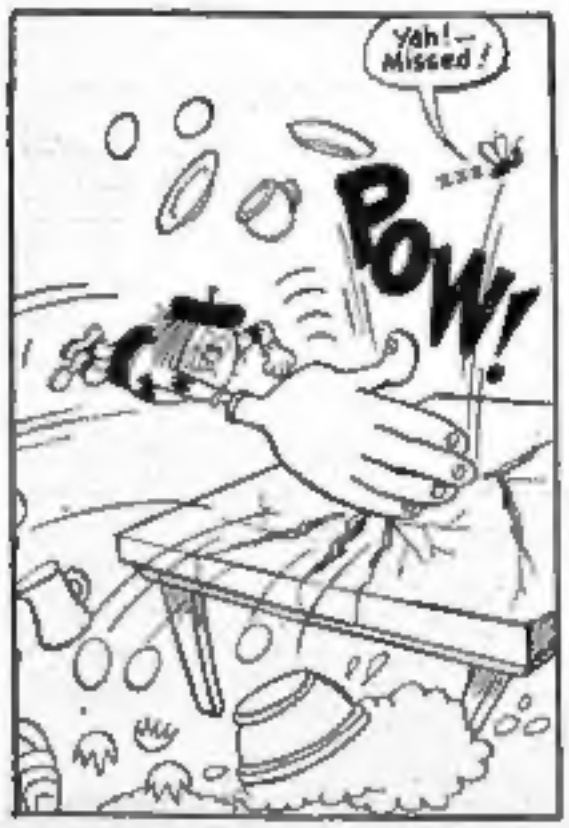
AH, WELL — I'D BETTER FEED MY PORKERS!
PIG SWILL
COME ON, PIGGIES!


EEK!
SLURP!
OINK!
OINK!


THAT'S RIGHT — EAT THOSE APPLES, TOO! APPLES GO NICE WITH PORK!
BAH!
SLURP!
SLURP!
SLURP!

YOU'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO ME FOR TRYING, THOUGH—


BACK HOME...
BLOOMIN' FLY — HOLD STILL WHILE I SWAT YOU!
ZZZ
LEAVE IT TO ME, MUM—


Yah! — Missed!
POW!

HERE'S WHERE I HAND IT TO PENNY— SHE REALLY IS TRYING!!
WAAH! — I WAS ONLY LENDING A HAND! WAIL!

Hi there! go get SLOTTO and win a super RALEIGH cycle
SLOTTO
IS GOOD NEWS
Think of the thrill of riding a Raleigh R.S.W. 'bike' this summer! Enter the easy Slotto competition, there are Raleighs for prizes each month.
Slotto is a super building toy and only 4/11. As simple as ABC. You can make planes, rockets, windmills and all kinds of models from your own ideas, and even a little village for your model cars.
Girls as well as boys can win a Raleigh—somebody will! Have fun with Slotto today and win your Raleigh cycle next month.
4'11
Build these exciting models with —
SLOTTO the new exciting building toy— in the shops now!
MADE BY MORTON PRODUCTIONS LIMITED · NORTHAMPTON

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE
LONDON W.C.2.

SO many of you frantic ones have written in asking if we garreteers have any other interests apart from producing the Power Pack! For Pete's sake, of course we have! We're human too, aren't we? Mind you we do find work and play have a habit of getting tangled up together! Take Jolly Jay-Jay Jackson. He's likely to dream up ideas for his coveted covers while fishing the quiet stretches of rural waters. A spare-time angler, that's Jolly J! And Rollicking Rog Barnden (he's Jolly J's strong right arm, art-wise) seeks the Muse when bucketing his sports job around a motor race track! Affable Alf often ponders editorial problems to the accompaniment of his own (and dishy, too) music. Big Bart thinks 'Power' while slamming the heck out of a golf ball. And although it sounds crazy, Kid Ken Mennell—remember, he's the script-scribe who joined the team some short while back—swears he's inspired to creative thought by the bedlamous morning chorus from goats, ducks, geese, chickens, dogs, cats and what-have-you who populate a fair-sized chunk of his farm-style home.

And so on . . . and so on! But you get the picture? Scratch away the printer's ink and we're just like **anyone else**! . . . or almost, anyway!

Nothing to do with Power Comics, but Kid Ken tells us that four of his chickens were once in the hands of The Beatles! Seems they were used as models when photos were wanted of the lyrical lads with some Easter chicks. When the photo session was over, no one knew what to do with the four fluffy yellow balls of hens-to-be (like chickens, we mean) until someone remembered Kid Ken. Quite famous locally are these truly "swinging chicks"! Anyone short of eggs?

Meet Twenty Proud Power Pack People

Julian O'Sullivan, Guernsey, C.I.; S. J. Lloyd, Thornton Heath, Surrey; George Dallos, Cairbness, Scotland; Stewart Laming, Oldham, Lancs; Simon Clayton, Portsmouth, Monty; Leslie Fenna, Chester, Cheshire; David Walton, Dartford, Kent; Barry Bramsfield, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancs; Terence W. Green, Peterlee, Durham; Martin Rea, Swadlin, Chilwell, Notts; Stephen Beels, Watford, Herts; Charles Gattrey, Wheatley, Oxon; Richard Gayer, Chelsea, London; Bernard Jarvis, Bristol; Kenny Delaney, Bellshill, Lanarkshire; Peter Roberts, Aylesbury, Bucks; Mark Sutton, Southend-on-Sea; Tim Frere, Eastbourne, Sussex; Mary Newnes, Liverpool, Lancs.

Talking of villains (and they're such a fascinating subject, so why not?) the current X-MEN tale in FANTASTIC puts the teenage mutants up against perhaps their most hair-raising menace yet. (By the way, the same story will answer all you fans who have wanted to know the origin of Professor X.)

And for his debut in SMASH this week, DARE-DEVIL is matched against that sensational, super-powered criminal who once caused SPIDER-MAN so much trouble—none other than ELECTRO! It's a swinging, small world, isn't it?

FREE! 10 NEW RALEIGH MUSTANG BICYCLES TO BE WON

POW! WHAM! SMASH! TERRIFIC! FANTASTIC!
THE POWER COMICS
GREAT SUMMER COMPETITION
These sports machines have high rise handlebars, short chrome mudguards and a chromeplated Sturmey Archer gear with Sports-shift. Multi-type gear lever. There's an horizon shaped dual saddle, complete with chainguards and light-weight Endrick rims.

This fabulous competition appears this week in all five of the Power Comics - FANTASTIC - TERRIFIC - SMASH - WHAM - POW . . . and it will be repeated every week in all five comics for the next seven weeks. Thus, each week you can compete on an entry coupon from any or all of the 'POWER-packed' five.

What is more, you can send your entries in now or, to save postage, you can keep them and send all your entries in together at the end of the contest.

What a FANTASTIC offer! Start entering this TERRIFIC competition now . . . and as often as you can - POW! WHAM! SMASH! you can win one of our ten super bikes - FREE!

HOW TO ENTER Entries on the parts are strictly for squares! What we want is pops at the Pavilion!

Imagine you were to be the producer of a pop show to run for the summer at a British seaside resort. If you could book TEN of the turns listed on your free entry coupon, which TEN would you choose in order to make the show the most entertaining one and a sure-fire success?

Simply place a cross (X) in the blank spaces next to the TEN turns you select. You don't have to worry about the order in which they will appear—just mark ten crosses.

If you are aged 10 or under you may complete the entries in pencil; older readers MUST use ink—pen or ball-point.

Next, add your age and your name and address in block letters, and post your entry in a sealed envelope (4d. postage) to the address shown on your entry coupon. Remember, you can post your coupon(s) now or you can save them until the end of the competition. All entries must arrive by not later than FRIDAY, 8th SEPTEMBER, 1967.

RULES There are ten prizes, each of a Raleigh Mustang bicycle. All entries will be examined, and the prizes awarded to the ten competitors who have, in the opinion of the judges, shown the most skill and judgment in selecting the ten turns which, together, would make a seaside summer pop show the most entertaining one and a sure-fire success. Should there be more than ten such entries, there will be pooled to enter a free eliminating contest to decide the ten winners. No reader can win more than one award.

The competition is open to all readers in the U.K. and Eire other than children of employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and associated companies. Each reader is allowed to submit one entry coupon every week from each of the five Power comics in which the competition appears.

The decisions of the Managing Editor and the judges are final in all matters relating to the competition, and no correspondence will be entered into. The result will be published in the five Power Comics.

Cut around the broken line

FREE ENTRY FORM — POWER POP COMPETITION

Place a cross (X) in the blank space against each of the TEN turns you select

Bachelors	
Barron Knights	
Cat Stevens	
Cliff Richard	
Dusty Springfield	
Freddie and the Dreamers	
Lee Dodd	
Lulu	
Mamas and Papas	
Manfred Mann	
Monkees	
Paul and Barry Ryan	
Petula Clark	
Sandie Shaw	
Seekers	
Shadows	
Tom Jones	
Tremeloes	
Tyl Dennison	
Walker Brothers	

AGE ..... NAME .....
(Block letters)

ADDRESS .....
(Block letters)

.....

Post your entry to: POWER POP COMPETITION, 64 LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. 8.7.67

YOUR PRAYERS ARE ANSWERED—THIS IS IT!

HERE COMES... DAREDEVIL THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group, 1984

GUEST STARRING: THE THING! BUT, IT'S A BRIEF APPEARANCE! DON'T BLINK YOUR EYES OR YOU'LL MISS HIM!

WELCOME TO THE OFFICES OF *NELSON AND MURDOCK, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW!* YOU'RE JUST IN TIME! THE ACTION AND SUSPENSE ARE ABOUT TO BEGIN WITHIN SECONDS... ALTHOUGH FRANKLIN "FOGGY" NELSON DOESN'T SUSPECT IT AS HE LONGINGLY WATCHES KAREN PAGE ENTER HIS PRIVATE OFFICE...

MR. NELSON, PREPARE YOURSELF! WE HAVE A MOST *UNUSUAL* CLIENT OUTSIDE!

REALLY, KAREN? WELL, ASK HIM TO WAIT A FEW MINUTES WHILE I FINISH SOME NOTES! AND DON'T EVER CHANGE THAT CRAAAZY PERFUME YOU'RE WEARING!

EXACTLY 17 SECONDS LATER...

NOW HEAR THIS, BUTTERCUP!! THE EVER-LOVIN' *THING* DOESN'T WAIT FOR *ANYONE!*

THE THING! I-I DIDN'T REALIZE! KAREN DIDN'T TELL ME! =ULP!= OUR *DOOR!*

OKAY, OKAY! DON'T GET YOUR TONSILS IN AN UPROAR! HMM... THEY JUST DON'T MAKE THESE DOORS LIKE THEY USED TO!

JUST SIT TIGHT WHILE I FORCE THE TWO PIECES TOGETHER! YA MIGHT CALL THIS *INSTANT WELDING*, BUT IT WORKS!

NOW LET'S TALK BUSINESS! UNLESS YOU'VE BEEN LIVING ON MARS, YOU KNOW THAT I BELONG TO THE GOOD OL' *FANTASTIC FOUR!* AND WE WANT YOU TO DO SOME LEGAL WORK ON OUR *LEASE!*

THE LEASE ON OUR SKYSCRAPER SHACK IS UP FOR *RENEWAL*, AND WE WANT A LAWYER TO CHECK IT BEFORE WE SIGN OUR *MONICKERS* TO IT!

SORRY, I DON'T HANDLE LEASES! MY PARTNER, *MR. MURDOCK*, KNOWS MORE ABOUT THEM! BUT, I WONDER...?

SORRY, BLUE EYES! NO AUTOGRAPHS! US CELEBRITIES CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE ON GETTIN' WRITER'S CRAMP!

I WASN'T GOING TO ASK FOR AN AUTO-GRAPH, MR....EH, THING! I WAS JUST GOING TO CHECK MATT MURDOCK'S APPOINTMENT PAD TO SEE IF HE'S EXPECTED BACK SOON!

YOU DON'T *WANT* MY AUTO-GRAPH?! YOU MUST BE SOME KINDA *NUT!*

WELL, LOOK... I AIN'T GOT TIME TO HANG AROUND HERE! THE F.F. ARE WAITING OUT-SIDE FOR ME! WE'RE GOIN' TO WASHINGTON... D.C., THAT IS... TO GET ANOTHER MEDAL FOR OUR PINK LITTLE HOPE CHESTS!

SO WHEN MURDOCK GETS HERE, TELL HIM HE'LL HAVE TO GO TO OUR HEADQUARTERS AND EXAMINE THE PLACE TO MAKE SURE THAT IT'S EVERYTHING THE LEASE SAYS IT IS!

BUT HOW WILL HE GET *IN?*

OL' BIGBRAIN RICHARDS THOUGHT OF THAT! JUST GIMME A *PHOTO* OF HIM, AND I'LL FEED IT TO OUR ELECTRIC-EYE WATCHDOG GIZMO! THEN, WHEN MURDOCK ARRIVES IN THE FLESH, THE DOOR'LL *OPEN* FOR HIM!

I HAVE A PICTURE OF ME, MURDOCK... IN MY DESK DRAWER!

HMM! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN!

HE AIN'T GONNA WIN ANY *BEAUTY CONTESTS*, BUT WE CAN'T *ALL* LOOK LIKE *ME!* OKAY, THIS IS GOOD ENOUGH!

TELL HIM TO FINISH THE JOB BEFORE WE GET BACK FROM WASHING-TON!

SAY! I DIDN'T REALIZE YOUR FANTASTI-CAR WAS HOVERING RIGHT OUT-SIDE!

WATCH! THEY DON'T LET ME OUTTA THEIR SIGHT! THEY'RE LOST WITHOUT OL' BASHFUL BENJAMIN!

JUST YOU BE SURE I GET MY *PHOTO* BACK!! IT'S MY ONLY ONE!!

MY! WHAT AN ATTRACTIVE HAIRDO! I'LL HAVE TO *TRY* THAT SOME-TIME!

LET'S GO, BIG FELLA! IT'S GETTING LATE!

C'MON, REED... WHY WON'T YOU LET *ME* DRIVE THIS BUGGY?!!

NUTS! IT'S NO FUN BEIN' A *PASSENGER!* I THINK I'LL FLAME ON AND FLY THE REST OF THE WAY!

STAY WHERE YOU ARE AND WAVE TO THE CROWDS, JOHNNY!

LOOK AT *REED!* THAT CORN-BALL IS GONNA START THROWIN' *KISSES* NEXT!

MEANTIME, WHERE *IS* MATT MURDOCK?! CAN THERE BE ANY CONNECTION BETWEEN THE BLIND, SOFT-SPOKEN YOUNG LAWYER AND *THIS* MAN?!

THIS MAN, WHO UNHESITATINGLY APPROACHES A DINGY GARAGE WITH FIRM STEP AND SURE TREAD! THIS MAN WITH MUSCLES LIKE STEEL BANDS!

THIS MAN, WHOSE GLOVED HAND HOLDS A HEAVY CANE, KNOCKING COMMANDINGLY ON THE BOLTED DOOR OF THE LONELY GARAGE!

TAP!

SLOWLY, THE BOLT IS WITHDRAWN, AS A GRUFF, BEEFY FIGURE PEERS CAUTIOUSLY OUT, AND THEN...

NOBODY HERE! WHAT IS THIS? A GAG?!

GUESS I WAS JUST *HEARING* THINGS! WELL, AT LEAST IT AIN'T THE *COPS!*

HEY!! AWWKK...

THANKS FOR UNBOLTING THE DOOR FOR ME, BUSTER! NOW JUST STAY THERE NICE AND QUIET UNTIL THE POLICE COME AND UNTIE YOU!

AS FOR ME, I'LL GO VISIT THE *REST* OF YOU NAUGHTY LITTLE CAR THIEVES!

HEY! WHO OPENED THAT BLASTED DOOR?? WANNA LAND US ALL IN JAIL?!

THAT'S JUST WHERE YOU'RE GOING, BOYS! IN CASE YOU DIDN'T KNOW IT, THERE ARE A FEW LITTLE LAWS AGAINST STEALING CARS AND REPAINTING THEM IN A CAMOUFLAGED GARAGE!

HOLY COW!! IT'S THE GUY WHO CALLS HIMSELF DAREDEVIL!! WE GOTTA MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T GET OUT OF HERE TO PUT THE FINGER ON US!!

WE'LL HANDLE 'IM!! HE MUSTA BEEN BATTY TO COME HERE ALONE!!

I CAN TELL BY THEIR BREATHING... THERE ARE SIX OF THEM! IT SHOULDN'T BE TOO DIFFICULT FOR ME TO OUTMANOEUVRE THEM IF I DON'T GET CARELESS!! HMM... MY TOE IS TOUCHING A SMALL, FOUR-WHEELED DOLLY... JUST WHAT I NEED!

I HEAR SOMETHING FLYING THROUGH THE AIR AT ME! EASY ENOUGH TO DUCK IT WHILE I HOOK MY CANE HANDLE ONTO THE DOLLY!

YOU CLUMSY MEAT-HEAD... YOU MISSED 'IM! C'MON, LET'S RUSH HIM BEFORE HE CAN ESCAPE!

NO NEED TO HURRY, LITTLE FRIENDS! I'M NOT GOING ANYPLACE... YOU ARE!!

PRETTY TRICKY, AREN'T YA?? WELL, YOU'LL BE LAUGHIN' OUTTA THE OTHER SIDE OF YOUR MOUTH WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH YA!!

THAT CONCENTRATED HEAT IN FRONT OF ME! IT MUST BE AN ACETYLENE TORCH!!

NOT MUCH YOU CAN DO WITH THAT GADGET ONCE A PAIL OF PAINT HAS BEEN THROWN OVER IT!! WHY DON'T YOU BUNGLERS GIVE UP BEFORE I REALLY GET MAD??!

NOW'S OUR CHANCE! GET 'IM!

SSS

FOOTSTEPS ON ALL SIDES! STARTING TO RUSH ME! BUT I HEAR A SMALL CRANE SWAYING ABOVE ME! I'LL JUST HOOK ONTO IT AND TAKE TO THE AIR!!

STOP 'IM, YOU GUYS!

SURE! TELL US HOW!!

NIMBLY LANDING NEAR A PILE OF TIRES, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR USES THEM AS WHIRLING WEAPONS!!

WITH THE SOUND OF THEIR FOOTSTEPS, AND THEIR BREATHING TO GUIDE ME, I CAN'T MISS!

BUT SUDDENLY, THE MASKED ADVENTURER HALTS IN HIS TRACKS, HIS SUPER-SHARP SENSES ANALYZING A NEW, MENACING SOUND!

THE SOUND OF A *TRUCK* STARTING! COMING TOWARDS ME! I HAVEN'T ENOUGH ROOM TO DODGE! ONLY ONE THING TO DO...!!

I'LL USE A TIRE AS A *SLINGSHOT*, AND THIS ENGINE AS A *MISSILE*! THE SOUND IS GETTING CLOSER... JUST ONE MORE SECOND, AND NOW...

THIS'LL FINISH HIM AND... *HEY!* LOOK WHAT HE'S *DOING!* CAN'T STOP IN TIME!

WHOOM!

A FEW SECONDS LATER, AFTER THE SMOKE HAS CLEARED...

THAT'S RIGHT, LIEUTENANT! YOU'LL FIND THE ENTIRE GANG OF CAR THIEVES HERE, ALL GIFT-WRAPPED FOR YOU! ALTHOUGH I'M SORRY THEIR *BOSS* WASN'T HERE!

I WOULDN'T WANNA BE IN *DAREDEVIL'S* SHOES WHEN THE *BOSS* FINDS OUT ABOUT THIS!

YEAH! ELECTRO WILL MAKE MINCE-MEAT OUTTA HIM!

ELECTRO!! THE MASTER OF ELECTRICITY! THE ARCH-VILLAIN WHO ALMOST DEFEATED THE AMAZING *SPIDER-MAN* HIMSELF NOT LONG AGO!! IS THE SUPER-MENACE WHO IS WATCHING THE ENTIRE SCENE RIGHT *NOW!!*

BAH! I WAS *BORED* WITH STEALING CARS, ANYWAY!

SEE *POW* Nos 18, 19, 20.

WHO *IS* ELECTRO? HOW DID HE BECOME THE EVIL MONARCH OF ELECTRICITY HE IS? FOR THOSE OF YOU LUCKLESS ENOUGH TO HAVE MISSED *SPIDER-MAN* IN POW, WE'LL REVEAL THAT HE HAD ONCE BEEN AN ELECTRIC LINEMAN NAMED MAX DILLON! ONE DAY, WHILE ON A HIGH-TENSION REPAIR JOB... *LIGHTNING* STRUCK HIM...

I SHOULD HAVE BEEN *KILLED*... BUT I'M NOT!

MY ENTIRE BODY IS ELECTRICALLY CHARGED!

THEN, DILLON DESIGNED A *COSTUME* FOR HIMSELF...

I'LL *USE* MY GREAT NEW POWER TO PREY ON HELPLESS HUMANITY!

I'LL CALL MYSELF *ELECTRO*, AND NOBODY *HUMAN* CAN STOP ME!

AND THUS WAS BORN ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS VILLAINS OF ALL TIME!

LATER... IN A HIDDEN HIDEOUT...

...AND THE FAMOUS *FANTASTIC FOUR* ARE EN ROUTE TO THE NATION'S CAPITAL, WHERE THEY ARE TO RECEIVE A PRESIDENTIAL MEDAL! THAT WINDS UP OUR SIX O'CLOCK NEWS...

HMM! VERY INTERESTING!

I'VE THOUGHT OF A CRIME *WORTHY* OF MY GREAT POWERS!!

WHILE THE F.F. ARE OUT OF TOWN, I'LL BREAK INTO THEIR HEADQUARTERS! I'LL STEAL THEIR SCIENTIFIC SECRETS AND SELL THEM TO A HOSTILE NATION FOR A *FORTUNE!!*

MEANWHILE, LITTLE DREAMING OF THE DEADLY BATTLE FATE IS PREPARING FOR HIM, THE MAN CALLED *DAREDEVIL* CHANGES BACK TO NORMAL IDENTITY... BECOMING THE HANDSOME BLIND LAWYER, *MATT MURDOCK!*

BREAKING UP STOLEN-CAR GANGS IS TOO SIMPLE FOR SOMEONE WITH MY POWERS! I ALMOST WISH I HAD A MORE DIFFICULT CHALLENGE TO FACE! OH, WELL, MAYBE SOMEDAY...

A SHORT TIME LATER, AT THE LAW OFFICES OF NELSON AND MURDOCK...

HELLO, MATT! WISH YOU'D BEEN HERE SOONER!

WHY, FOGGY? DID I MISS A CLIENT?

YOU SURE *DID*, MR. MURDOCK! IT WAS THE *THING* HIMSELF!

HE WANTS YOU TO INSPECT THE F.F. HEADQUARTERS AND MAKE SURE THE NEW LEASE THEY'RE ABOUT TO SIGN IS ALL IN ORDER!

I'LL BE GLAD TO, KAREN! I'LL LEAVE IN A FEW MINUTES!

KAREN HAS *ANOTHER* PIECE OF NEWS FOR YOU, MATT! TELL HIM ABOUT IT...

I WROTE TO AN EYE SPECIALIST IN MY HOME TOWN! I DESCRIBED YOUR FORM OF BLINDNESS, AND HE HAS OPERATED ON CASES LIKE YOURS BEFORE! HE THINKS HE CAN *CURE* YOU! YOU'LL BE ABLE TO *SEE* AGAIN!

I'LL READ HIS LETTER TO YOU...

A FEW SECONDS LATER...

IT'S VERY INTERESTING, KAREN! I'LL THINK ABOUT IT A WHILE...

YOU DON'T SOUND VERY PLEASED...

FORGIVE ME, KAREN! IT'S JUST THAT I...EH..DON'T WANT TO BE DISAPPOINTED!

POOR MATT MURDOCK! HE'S SO HANDSOME...SO INTELLIGENT... SO DOGGONE *WONDERFUL!* I'D MARRY HIM IN A MINUTE, EVEN THOUGH HE'S BLIND...IF ONLY HE'D ASK ME! BUT, FOR *HIS* SAKE, I PRAY HE'LL REGAIN HIS SIGHT SOMEDAY!

BUT MATT MURDOCK'S THOUGHTS ARE EXACTLY THE OPPOSITE OF HIS LOVELY SECRETARY'S...

I *KNOW* THERE'S A CHANCE OF GETTING MY EYESIGHT BACK BY AN OPERATION... ...BUT I'M AFRAID TO RISK IT! I'M AFRAID I MIGHT LOSE MY *OTHER* POWERS IF MY SIGHT RETURNS! I STILL REMEMBER THE ACCIDENT IN WHICH I LOST MY SIGHT....

I HAD SAVED AN OLD MAN FROM BEING HIT BY A SPEEDING TRUCK, AND THE TRUCK STRUCK *ME* INSTEAD! THEN, IN THE HOSPITAL, I LEARNED MY FATE!

BUT THE TRUCK HAD CARRIED *RADIO-ACTIVE* MATERIALS WHICH HAD HIT MY EYES! ...AND THEY SHARPENED MY REMAINING SENSES MANY TIMES MORE THAN NORMAL!

I DARE NOT DO ANYTHING WHICH MAY *LOSE* ME MY SUPER-SHARP SENSES... THE SENSES THAT MAKE ME... *DAREDEVIL!*

SO, I MUST CONTINUE TO REFUSE THE OPERATION, FOR I'D RATHER BE BLIND AND BE *DAREDEVIL*, THAN BE AN AVERAGE NORMAL MAN!

I'LL BE BACK AFTER I'VE CHECKED THE F.F. HEAD-QUARTERS! TAKE ANY MESSAGES FOR ME!

MEANWHILE, AS MATT LEAVES HIS OFFICE, TAPPING THE CANE WHICH HE REALLY DOESN'T NEED, DUE TO HIS BUILT-IN *RADAR-SENSE*...

IT'S A SIMPLE MATTER FOR ME TO RAISE MYSELF TO THE TOP FLOORS OF THE BAXTER BUILDING BY USING THE POWER OF THE ELECTRIC CABLES WHICH RUN UP THE INSIDE OF THE WALLS!

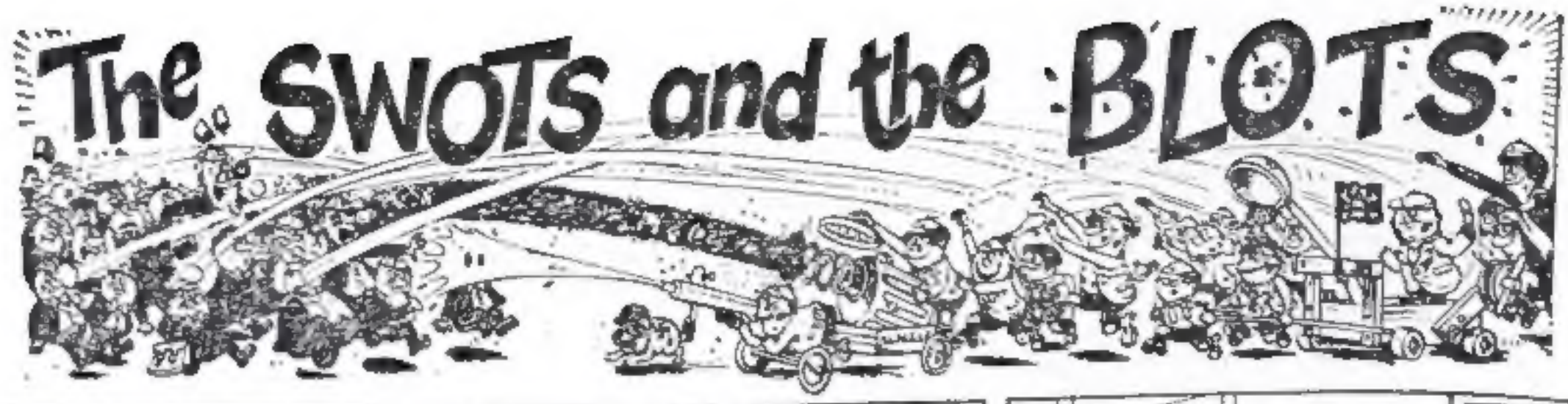
AND, BEING MASTER OF ELECTRICITY, I CAN DE-ACTIVATE ALL OF *MR. FANTASTIC'S* ELECTRONIC ALARMS, THEREBY ENTERING THROUGH THE WINDOW WITH EASE!

AND, IN THE STREET BELOW NOT SUS-PECTING THE DREAD DANGER WHICH AWAITS HIM ABOVE...

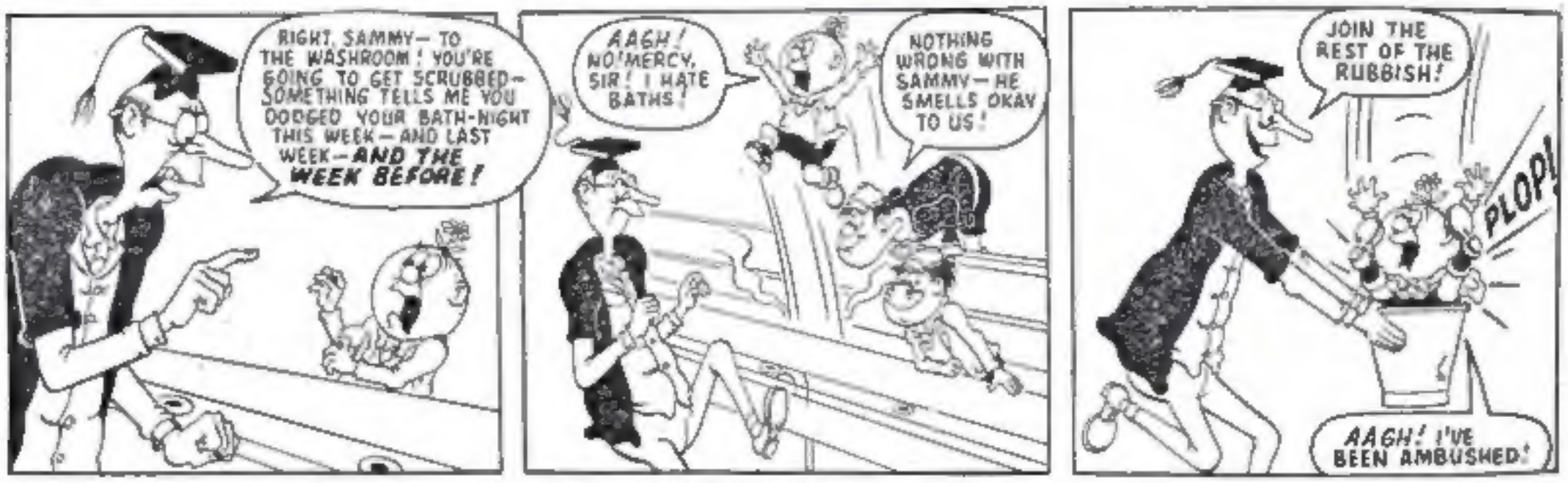
I CAN VISUALIZE THE SHAPE OF THE BAXTER BUILDING BY THE SOUND OF THE AIR CURRENTS HITTING IT...JUST AS EASILY AS IF I COULD *SEE* IT!

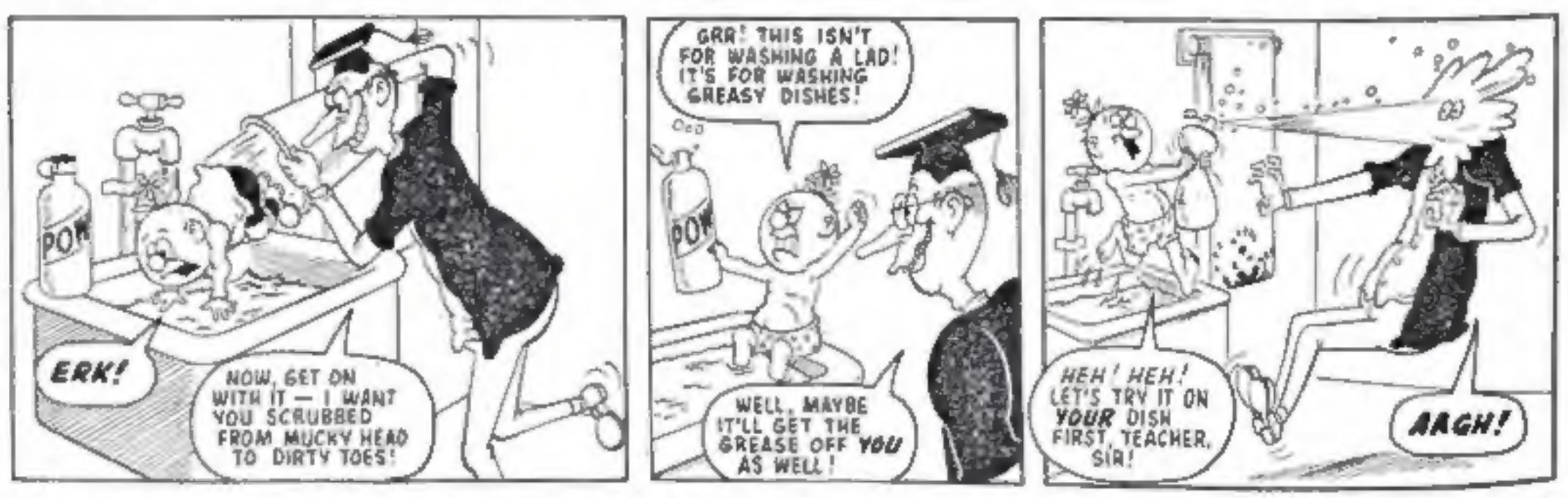
AND SO THE STAGE IS SET FOR ONE OF THE MOST AMAZING BATTLES IN COMIC HISTORY! SEE FOR YOURSELF *NEXT WEEK!*

The SWOTS and the BLOTS



COME ON, BOYS— COME INTO CLASS! DON'T BE LIKE THAT— DO IT FOR SIR— P-L-E-A-S-E!
WE'RE NOT GOING IN THERE UNTIL SAMMY BLOT HAS A BATH! HE PONGS, SIR— IT'S SHOCKING!
PONG!
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR IT— I'LL HAVE TO PERSUADE SAMMY TO HAVE A BATH!


RIGHT, SAMMY— TO THE WASHROOM! YOU'RE GOING TO GET SCRUBBED— SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU DODGED YOUR BATH-NIGHT THIS WEEK— AND LAST WEEK— AND THE WEEK BEFORE!
AAGH! NO MERCY, SIR! I HATE BATHS!
NOTHING WRONG WITH SAMMY— HE SMELLS OKAY TO US!
JOIN THE REST OF THE RUBBISH!
PLOP!
AAGH! I'VE BEEN AMBUSHED!


POW
ERK!
NOW, GET ON WITH IT — I WANT YOU SCRUBBED FROM MUCKY HEAD TO DIRTY TOES!
GRR! THIS ISN'T FOR WASHING A LAD! IT'S FOR WASHING GREASY DISHES!
POW
WELL, MAYBE IT'LL GET THE GREASE OFF YOU AS WELL!
HEH! HEH! LET'S TRY IT ON YOUR DISH FIRST, TEACHER, SIR!
AAGH!

GROPE!
GROPE!
GRR! YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS, MY LAD! WHERE IS IT?
OH, HECK! I THINK I'D BETTER SCARPER! GULP!
MINUTES LATER...
HELP! HELP! IT ISN'T FAIR! HE'S BIGGER THAN ME!
AND FASTER THAN YOU— YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE, BOY!
HEH! HEH! I'LL HIDE AT MY UNCLE GEORGES FARM— TEACH WILL NEVER FIND ME THERE! I KNOW TONS OF SMASHING HIDING PLACES!
3 MILES

AT THE FARM

HE'S GONE WHERE'S THE LITTLE TWERD HIDING?

CHOMP! CHOMP!

AHA! SO THERE YOU ARE — YOU CAN'T ESCAPE FROM ME AS EASILY AS THAT, YOU KNOW!

NEVER MIND — TEACH WILL NEVER FIND ME IN HERE!

I'LL BE SAFE UP HERE — TEACH HASN'T GOT A HEAD FOR HEIGHTS

JUMP! JUMP! JUMP!

BUSH!

GRR! I'VE GOT A HEAD FOR ANYTHING WHEN I'M MAD!

AAH! IT'S HIM! THE PHANTOM TEACHER STRIKES AGAIN!

G-GULP! THERES ONLY ONE THING FOR IT — I'LL HAVE TO JUMP!

JUMP!

NOW TO HIDE AGAIN BEFORE TEACH GETS ME!

WHOOSH!

AAGH! WHERE DID HE COME FROM?

SPLUDGE!

AAAR! YOU CITY FOLK BE ALWAYS PUTTING YOUR FOOT IN IT! AAAR!

SCHOOL

GOSH! HAVEN'T YOU LOT GONE IN YET? WHAT'S THE TROUBLE NOW?

WE'RE NOT GOING IN THERE UNTIL *TEACHER* HAS A BATH!

PHEW! AND HE TALKS ABOUT SAMMY!

PONG!

PONG!

HEH! HEH! OUR TEACHER'S A REAL *STINKER!*

THE INCREDIBLE HULK

"RAMPAGE IN THE CITY!"

NOTH NG CAN *HURT* ME! NOTH NG CAN *STOP* ME! THE HULK CAN DO *ANYTHING!*

THE HULK IS THROUGH WITH H O NG' THROUGH W TH RUNNING!

BEGINNING: A NEW CHAPTER IN THE AWARD-WINN NG SER ES THAT DELICATELY POSES THE AGE-OLD QUEST ON CAN A GREEN-SK NNED NTROVERT W TH ANTI SOC AL TENDENC ES. F ND HAPP NESS AND FULF LLMENT N A MODERN MATERIAL ST C SOCIETY?"

HULK SAVED G RL! HULK WON'T BE *HATED* ANY MORE!

G RL GENTLE K ND TO HULK! MUST *FIND* HER AGAIN!

"IF YOU MISSED THIS LAST ISH, DON'T TELL US, YOU KNOW HOW WE WORRY!

BUT UPON REA H NG THE ARMY *MISSILE BASE,* OUR HAPLESS HERO F NDS--

BASE *DESERTED!* EVERYONE *GONE!*

HULK MUST *FIND!* WON'T BE *ALONE* ANY MORE!

BUT *NOW!* WHERE CAN HULK *LOOK?*

Reg T M. & c Marvel Comics G oup 1966

AND THEN SOME DIM FORGOTTEN *MEMORY* RETURNS TO HIS CLOUDED BRAIN, AS THE GREEN-SK NNED GIANT VAGUELY RECALLS A TIME MONTHS AGO WHEN HE WAS BR EFLY PART OF A *TEAM* WHEN HE HAD POWERFUL *FRIENDS* TO TURN TO -

AVENGERS! AVENGERS WILL HELP! HULK MUST *GO* TO THEM!

THE ONCE BR LL ANT BRAIN OF ATOMIC SCIENTIST *BRUCE BANNER*--HAVING BEEN AFFECTED BY THE MYSTERIOUS *GAMMA RAYS*, SOME YEARS AGO, CAN NOW BARELY REMEMB R THAT THE *HEADQUARTERS* OF THE MIGHTY *AVENGERS* IS LOCATED SOME WHERE TO THE *EAST*--

THOOM!

--AND SO WITHOUT A SECOND'S HESITATION THE NCREDIBLE LEG M SCLES OF THE MIGHT EST MORTA - TO WALK THE EARTH, BEG N TO HURL HIM SKYWARD-- ON A T RE ESS JOURNEY HALF WAY ACROSS A CONTINENT--!

UNTIL AT LAST

THIS

THIS IS THE AVENGERS!

RADAR DEFENCE

BLIP

I CAN'T WE AMASS LOT

THROW THAT SWITCH

AND ALERT

AT HIS HAND!

SERIOUS, AN

NOW?

DOES

OVER!

AND THE AVENGERS!

KA-OOOM!

THE HULK'S THOUGHT

AFRAID

NOISE--

CLOTHES! COATS! HAVE

BIG MEN'S

HERE GOES I'LL BE NOTHING!

DOOR LOCKED CLOSED

WAIT!

COAT!

DRESSED

AVENGERS

FINALLY HALF A DAY LATER AFTER ONE LONG TIRELESS HOURS OF WALKING THE ENDLESS CITY STREETS

ENDED UP IN A RAINCOAT ON A HOT SUNNY DAY LIKE THIS!

OH WELL IT TAKES ALL KINDS!

AH FOOD! CAN'T LAST FOREVER! WHILE THE AVENGERS...

SAY! WAIT A MINUTE I THOUGHT I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF GREEN SKIN!

THAT CRAZY ALARM! RADAR ALERT LAST NIGHT! SOMETHING FROM THE SKY!

IT COULD HAVE BEEN IT WAS TO BE!

THAT'S WHY HE WAS COVERED UP THAT WAY!

I JUST PASSED THE HULK!

WITHIN SECONDS THE ALARM IS GIVEN AS A FEARFUL METROPOLIS ONCE AGAIN GIVES WAY TO PANIC AT THE VERY MENTION OF THE HULK!

WHY THE RIOT SQUAD! HOW DO WE KNOW HE'S HOSTILE?

WE DON'T! BUT THE PAPERS WOULD HAVE OUR HIDES IF WE DIDN'T TAKE EVERY PRECAUTIONARY MEASURE!

IF YOU ASK ME THE FOOL BUT'S MORE SCARED OF US THAN WE ARE OF HIM!

AND EVEN AS THE SQUADDERS THROW A CORDON OF STEEL AROUND THE AREA

MUST GET AWAY FROM NOISE OF SIRENS!

NOISE MAKES ME MAD! WHEN I GET MAD DON'T WANT TO FIGHT!

JUST WANT TO FIND AVENGERS!

POLICE EVERY-WHERE! MUST FIND PLACE TO HIDE!

DARK, INSIDE THIS DOOR! GOOD PLACE FOR HULK TO GO!

EMPLOYEES' ENTRANCE

CITY NEWSREEL THEATRE

WHY DO THEY HOUND ME?? WHY CAN HULK FIND NO PEACE!!

AND THEN AS THE BROODING BEHEMOTH ENTERS FROM THE STAGE DOOR NEAR THE SCREEN, AN EXTRA-ORDINARY COINCIDENCE OCCURS

SOMETHING HAPPENING IN BACK OF THEATRE

PEOPLE SHOUTING-- RUNNING-- TOWARD LOBBY

STOP HIM! BEFORE HE GETS AWAY!

SOMEONE ELSE RUNNING - FOR HIS LIFE! WHY DO MEN HATE OTHERS SO MUCH??

CAN'T STOP HIM! HE'S TOO STRONG! HE'S CHARGING FOR THE STREET!

AND THEN, THERE IN THE SHADOWS, WHERE HE STANDS--UNSEEN--UNNOTICED A GLIMMER OF RECOGNITION [illegible] CONFUSED BRAIN

THAT FACE! I KNOW HIM! I HAVE SEEN HIM SOMEWHERE FOUGHT HIM SOMEWHERE BUT I HAVE FOUGHT SO MANY - HOW CAN I BE SURE?!!

AS BEFORE THE HULK [illegible] REMEMBER THE EPISODE ENDED-- THE STRANGER IS GONE!

BUT, HE WHO HAD ONCE BEEN THE SHARP-WITTED, SUPREMELY INTELLIGENT BRUCE BANNER, NOW FINDS IT DIFFICULT TO RETAIN A THOUGHT FOR ANY APPRECIABLE LENGTH OF TIME! AND SO -

DON'T KNOW WHERE TO GO WHAT TO DO! POLICE MUST NOT FIND ME!

HULK WILL STAY HERE-- IN DARK-- WHERE IT IS SAFE!

WAIT! ON SCREEN! WHAT IS-- THAT?!!

AND THAT, AS WE CAN PLAINLY SEE, IS ANOTHER CAPRICIOUS COINCIDENCE--TOO REMOTE TO OCCUR IN FICTION BUT ALL TOO POSSIBLE IN THIS STARTLING WORLD WE LIVE IN--!

--YOU ARE NOW WITNESSING A FILM JUST RELEASED BY THE PENTAGON! IT WAS TAKEN BY A COMBAT PHOTOGRAPHER, AT THE SCENE OF OUR MOST CLOSELY-GUARDED SOUTHWESTERN MISSILE BASE!

THIS IS THE FIRST STARTLING FILM OF THE MAN CALLED BOOMERANG, AS HE SINGLE HANDEDLY ATTEMPTED TO SABOTAGE AMERICA'S VITAL ORION MISSILE!

BOOMERANG! IT WAS HIM - WHO CAPTURED GIRL!

THOSE OF YOU WHO READ OUR PAST FEW ISHES CAN SKIP THE NEXT COUPLE OF PAGES, AS THEIR PRIME PURPOSE IS TO BRING [illegible] READERS UP TO DATE! JUST ANOTHER SUPER-SERVICE FROM YOUR BIG-HEARTED GARRET GANG!

BOOMERANG
CAMERAMAN

MAJOR
TALBOT

DISCS!

BOOMERANG...

BUT THEN, ACTING W TH UNPRECE-
DENTED DARING, THE DESPERATE
MAJOR TALBOT FINGERED THE
DESTRUCT BUTTON OF THE MIGHTY
WARNING *BOOMERANG*
THAT HE WOULD BLOW UP THE
ENTIRE INSTALLATION, W.TH ALL
LIVES, RATHER THAN LOSE THE
ORION ROCKET!

FOR LONG DRAMAT C SECONDS THE TWO
ANTAGON STS FACED EACH OTHER TEST NG
EACH OTHERS W LL -- WH LE THE FATE OF
AMER CAS M SS LE DEFENSE POS' RE
H NG IN THE BALANCE ... AND THEN--

REALIZING HE HAD BEEN OUT MANEUVERED BY THE SECRET SERVICE SECURITY OFFICER THE MAN CALLED **BOOMERANG** ROCKETED SKYWARD SCANT MOMENTS BEFORE **GENERAL THUNDERBOLT ROSS** RETURNED TO BASE WITH THE MAIN BODY OF HIS FORCES!

THE VERY NEXT DAY **MAJOR GLEN TALBOT** WAS AWARDED ONE OF OUR NATION'S HIGHEST HONOURS FOR HIS HEROIC DEFENCE OF THE ORION MISSILE AGAINST SEEMINGLY IMPOSSIBLE ODDS!

AND THEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE CEREMONY THE ENTIRE INSTALLATION WAS **CLOSED DOWN**, AS GENERAL ROSS'S MILITARY COMMAND TRANSFERRED THE VITAL ORION MISSILE TO **CAPE KENNEDY**, FLORIDA WHERE IT IS PRESENTLY UNDERGOING THE MOST RIGOROUS TESTS.

THAT'S WHY BASE WAS EMPTY

EVERYBODY GONE--!

NOTHING FOR HULK TO DO NOW

EXCEPT FIND **AVENGERS!**

I JUST **REMEMBERED**--

WHAT HAPPENED TO **BOY**--A MINUTE LOOKS LIKE **HE** FOUND HULK!

BUT AT THE SAME INSTANT THAT THE GREEN TITAN THINKS OF **RICK JONES**, WE SWITCH OUR SCENE TO **CAPE KENNEDY**, WHERE WE NOW FIND--

IT IS NOW RELIABLY REPORTED THAT THE INCREDIBLE **HULK** HAS BEEN DEFINITELY SIGHTED IN THE HEART OF NEW YORK CITY! ONE OF THE LARGEST **DRAGNETS** OF ALL TIME IS PRESENTLY IN FORCE! ALBANY REPORTS THAT THE GOVERNOR HAS DECLARED A STATE OF **MARTIAL LAW!** STAY TUNED FOR FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS!

THE **HULK**--IN **NEW YORK!** HE'LL BE **NEEDING** ME!

I'VE GOT TO **GO** TO HIM! IF HE'S FOUND BEFORE I CAN **REACH** HIM THERE'S NO TELLING **WHAT** MAY HAPPEN!

NO ONE WILL **TRUST** HIM OR GIVE HIM A CHANCE! THEY'LL THROW EVERYTHING THEY'VE **GOT** AGAINST HIM!

BUT, HOW DO I **GET** THERE? I HAVEN'T THE PRICE OF A **FARE!**

FRANTICALLY THE YOUTH RACKS HIS BRAIN FOR SOME METHOD OF REACHING THE EMPIRE STATE, AND THEN--SUDDENLY--

OF **COURSE!** I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THIS FIRST THING!

THERE ARE ALWAYS PEOPLE ADVERTISING IN THE PAPER FOR SOMEONE TO **DRIVE THEIR CAR** UP NORTH FOR THEM!

IN FACT, HERE'S ONE **NOW!** I'VE GOT TO CALL HIM RIGHT AWAY!

THEN, LESS THAN AN HOUR LATER-

OKAY, KID - AS LONG AS YOU HAVE A LICENCE TO DRIVE!

DELIVER THE CAR TO THE ADDRESS I GAVE YOU IN NEW YORK AND REMEMBER NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO DON'T TRY TO OPEN THE TRUNK!

DON'T WORRY, I WON'T!

WHY IN HECK SHOULD I WANNA OPEN HIS BLAMED TRUNK?

ALL I WANNA DO IS REACH THE HULK BEFORE ANYONE ELSE CATCHES UP WITH HIM IF I CAN!

DON'T STOP FOR ANYTHING! YOU'LL DESERVE A BONUS IF YOU GET THERE IN LESS THAN 48 HOURS!

SOUNDS TO ME LIKE THERE'S MORE TO THIS THAN JUST A SIMPLE CAR DELIVERY! BUT I HAVEN'T TIME TO WORRY ABOUT IT NOW!

AND SPEAKING OF WORRIES, AS IF HE DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH BEFORE THE HULK SUDDENLY DISCOVERS A NEW ONE, AS A SUDDEN BREEZE CATCHES HIM UNAWARES

THE WIND BLEW THAT BIG FELLA'S HAT OFF! LET'S TRY TO--

HEY!! LOOK--!!

IT'S HIM!! IT'S-- THE HULK!!

THEY KNOW WHO I AM! I HAVE TO GET AWAY!

RUN! GET OFF THE STREETS-- WHILE YOU STILL CAN!

THE HULK!! HELP-- SOMEONE --HELP!! WHAT WILL BECOME OF US?!!

WE'VE GOTTA CALL THE POLICE-- NOW!

THUS, SECONDS LATER-

I FOUND HIM, SARGE!

STOP!! YOU CAN'T GET AWAY! THE ENTIRE NEIGHBOURHOOD IS CORDONED OFF!

HE'S MAKING A BREAK FOR IT! HEAD HIM FOR SECTOR 3B, SARGE!

HULK! COME BACK!! COME BACK OR I'LL SHOOT!

BUT, BEFORE THE FIRST SHOT CAN BE FIRED, THE HULK LUMBERS AROUND THE CORNER, ONLY TO HEAR--

POLICE - EVERYWHERE! I HAVE TO HIDE!

NOISE-- HURTS MY EARS! CAN'T STAND IT!

EEEEEEEEEE!

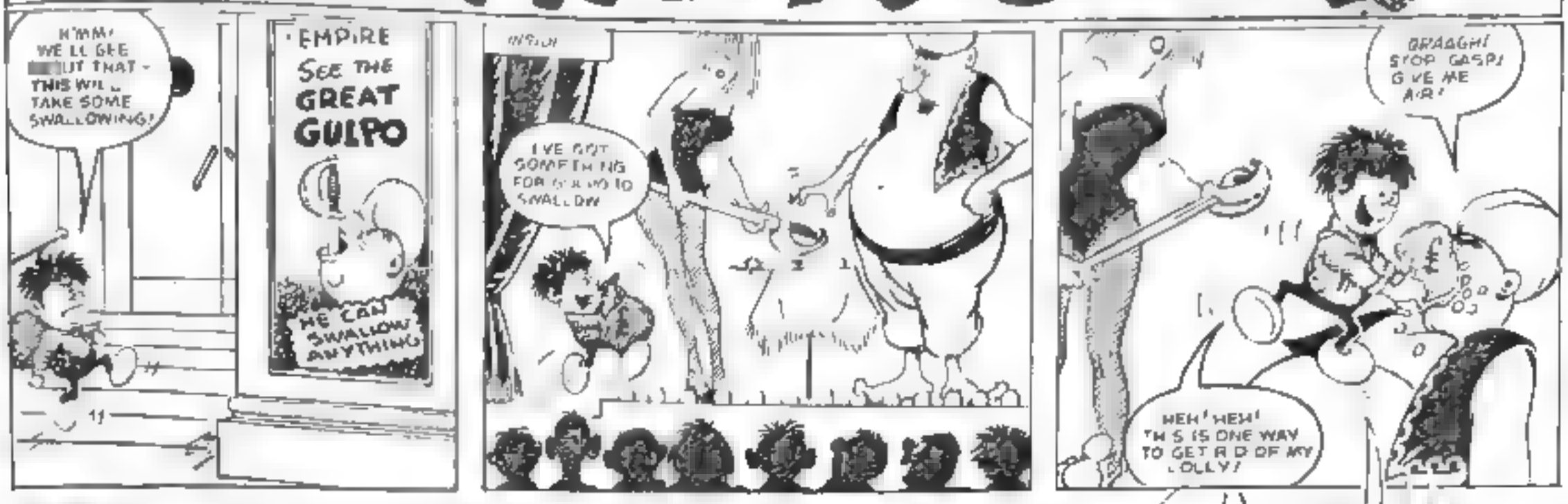
DON'T WANT COATS! DON'T WANT ANYTHING! HULK MUST BE FREE!

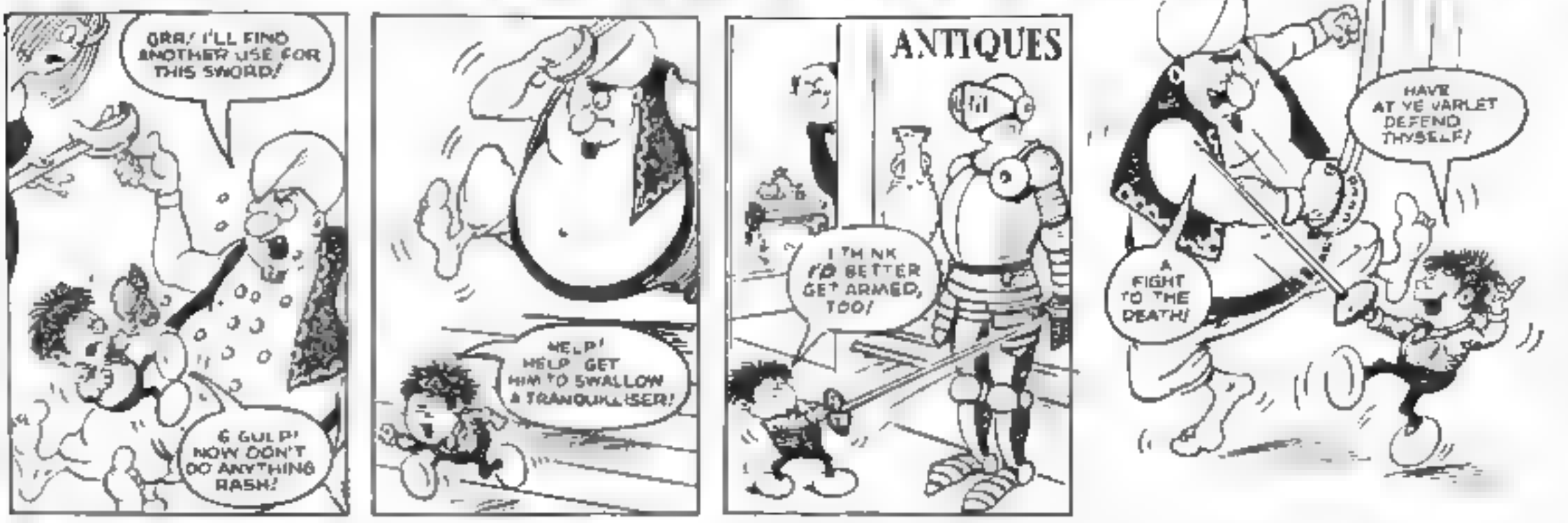
NEXT ISH: THE MISSILE AND THE MONSTER!

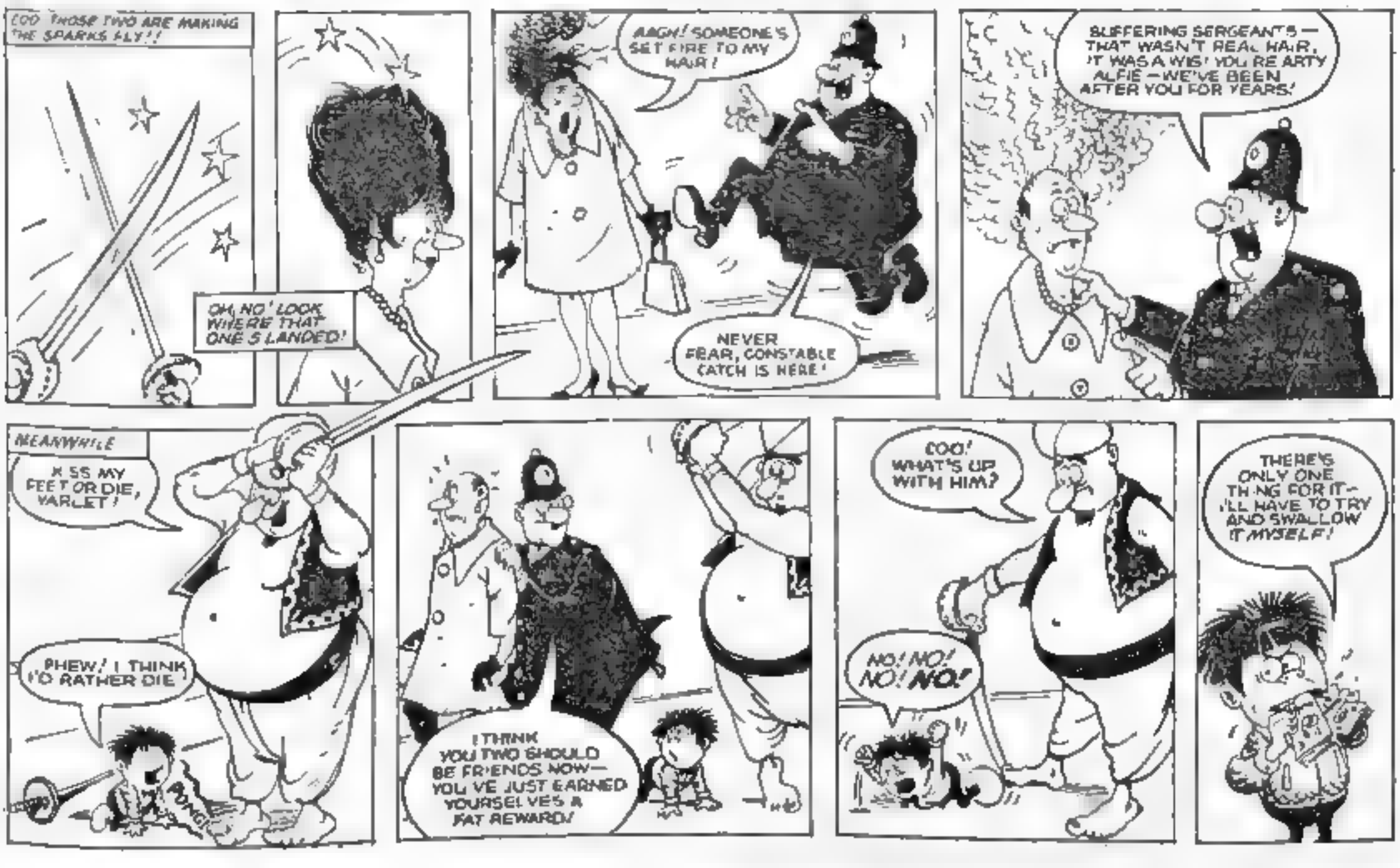
HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!
AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!
GRIMLY FEENDISH
THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD
I'VE GOT ONE, BOSS—A GETAWAY CAR FOR THE BANK JOB TONIGHT! SNIGGER!
OOH! WELL DONE, SQUELCH! WELL DONE!
THAT'S IT, SQUELCH!—START UP THE MOTOR—AND LET'S BE ON OUR WAY!
ER—IT'S GOT NO MOTOR, BOSS! I'M—ER—WINDING UP THE ELASTIC! GULP!
OH, NO! I'M SURROUNDED BY FOOLS!
COO! WAIT, THOUGH—I'VE JUST HAD A BRILLIANT IDEA!
ULP! I WONDER WHAT HE'S UP TO?
LATER...
HEH! HEH! I'VE USED THE ELASTIC TO MAKE THIS KING-SIZE CATAPULT—WE'LL CATAPULT OURSELVES AWAY FROM THE SCENE OF THE CRIME!
I DON'T LIKE THIS AT ALL!
AND SO—THAT EVENING...
YAHOO! IT WAS TOO EASY—TO THE GETAWAY CATAPULT, SQUELCH, MY BOY! SNIGGER!
BANK
WE'RE RICH! RICH!
GET READY FOR TAKE OFF, SQUELCH—GETAWAY PEOPLE USE ELASTIC! HEH! HEH!
PYOING!
YAHOO! WE'RE OFF!
NO COP CAR WILL GET US UP HERE—WE'LL OPEN UP OUR PARACHUTES WHEN WE'RE ABOVE THE HIDEOUT!
SUCCESS! SUCCESS AT LAST!
SUFFERING TOADSTOOLS! WH—WHAT'S THIS? IT LOOKS LIKE GRIMLY FEENDISH!
IT IS GRIMLY!
POLICE
WAAGH! THE 'COPTER BLADE'S CHOPPED THE STRINGS!
AND MINE, TOO! GULP!
THIS IS WHAT IS KNOWN AS A POLICE NET!
MUCH LATER...
BAH! YOU AND YOUR BLINKING ELASTIC!
OH, SHUT UP, YOU!

HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—IF HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

RONNIE RICH

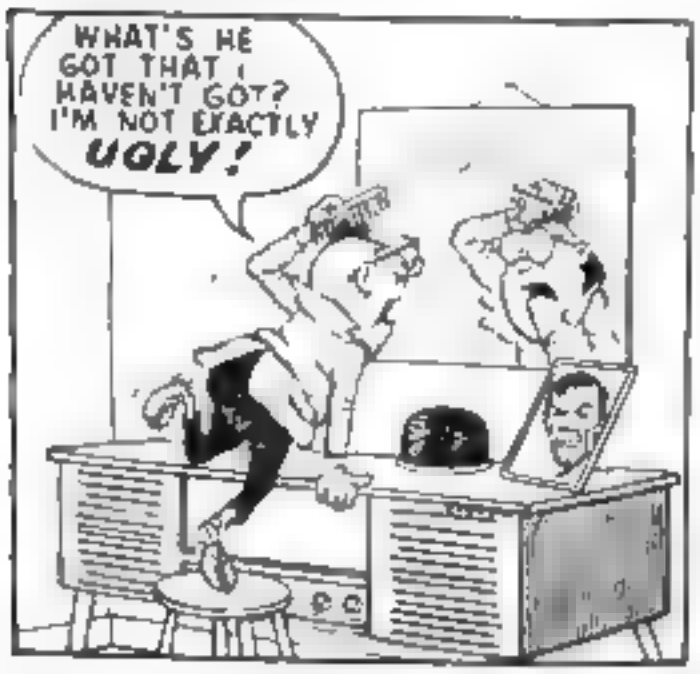

H'MM! WE'LL SEE BUT THAT - THIS WILL TAKE SOME SWALLOWING!
EMPIRE
SEE THE GREAT GULPO
HE CAN SWALLOW ANYTHING
I'VE GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU TO SWALLOW
BRAAGH! STOP GASP! GIVE ME AIR!
HEH! HEH! THIS IS ONE WAY TO GET RID OF MY LOLLY!


GRR! I'LL FIND ANOTHER USE FOR THIS SWORD!
GULP! NOW DON'T DO ANYTHING RASH!
HELP! HELP GET HIM TO SWALLOW A TRANQUILISER!
ANTIQUES
I THINK I'D BETTER GET ARMED, TOO!
HAVE AT YE VARLET DEFEND THYSELF!
A FIGHT TO THE DEATH!


LOOK THOSE TWO ARE MAKING THE SPARKS FLY!!
OH NO! LOOK WHERE THAT ONE'S LANDED!
AAGH! SOMEONE'S SET FIRE TO MY HAIR!
NEVER FEAR, CONSTABLE CATCH IS HERE!
SUFFERING SERGEANT'S — THAT WASN'T REAL HAIR, IT WAS A WIG! YOU'RE ARTY ALFIE — WE'VE BEEN AFTER YOU FOR YEARS!
MEANWHILE
KISS MY FEET OR DIE, VARLET!
PHEW! I THINK I'D RATHER DIE
BANG!
I THINK YOU TWO SHOULD BE FRIENDS NOW— YOU'VE JUST EARNED YOURSELVES A FAT REWARD!
COO! WHAT'S UP WITH HIM?
NO! NO! NO! NO!
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR IT— I'LL HAVE TO TRY AND SWALLOW IT MYSELF!

THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

HEH HEH! LARRY CAN NEVER RESIST A BEAUTIFUL BLONDE! IT'LL BE YOUR JOB TO GET HIM HERE TO SPAIN, FIFI!
66-CLICKERTY CLICK!
LEAVE HIM TO ME, HANDSOME- NO MAN CAN RESIST FIFI'S CHARMS!



ONCE AGAIN FIENDISH FIFI GETS HER MAN!

SOON

HEH! HEH! IT WORKED, BORIS— HER COMES FIFI WITH THAT CLOT FROM B.U.N.G.L.E!

THIS OLD BULL RING MAKES A SMASHING HIDE-OUT, TOO BOSS! OOF!

GET OUT THE ANTIDOTE FOR THE SURE-STICK LIPSTICK, BORIS! I RECKON FIFI MUST BE SICK OF THE SIGHT OF LARRY BY NOW! HEH! HEH!

AAGH! IT'S DOCTOR GOOLE— FIFI MUST BE ONE OF H'S GANG!

THANK GOODNESS FOR THAT— HAVEN'T EATEN SINCE BREAKFAST!

G GULP! SOMEHOW I DON'T THINK I'LL EVER EAT AGAIN!

PLOP!

ANY LAST REQUESTS MY LITTLE FOOL? THIS TIME YOU CANNOT SPOIL MY FIENDISH PLANS!

ER— CAN I HAVE ONE LAST CIGARETTE? YOU'LL FIND SOME NON-NICOTINE ONES IN MY INSIDE POCKET!

BUT OF COURSE! COUGH AWAY! YOU'RE GOING TO COUGH IT ANYWAY!

IF DOCTOR GOOLE HAD EXAMINED THAT CIGARETTE CLOSELY HE WOULD HAVE SEEN THAT LITTLE BUTTON WHICH THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E CAN ACTIVATE WITH HIS TEETH— IT'S NO ORDINARY CIG!

AAGH! IT'S GROWING!

TEMPER! TEMPER! YOU PROMISED I COULD SMOKE ONE LAST CIGARETTE— AND THIS IS IT! WELL! I'VE GOT TWENTY FEET OF TOBACCO IN WHICH TO THINK OF A WAY TO GET OUT OF THIS! GULP!

PUFF! PUFF!

GRR! NOW WE HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL NEXT WEEK BEFORE I BLOW HIM OFF!

IT'S ONE LONG DRAG TILL NEXT WEEK!!!

Charlie's Choice

HOWZAT FOR A CRACKING HIT?

CRASH! TINKLE!

GOSH! THAT WAS A *CRACKING* H T ALL RIGHT! IT'S CRACKED A WINDOW!

I'LL TEACH YOU, CHARLIE, TO BREAK OUR WINDOW!

COO! AND IT'S ONE OF OUR WINDOWS! I'D BETTER RUN .!

I HOPE SOMEONE FROM INSIDE MY TELLY CAN COME TO MY RESCUE!

HOP IN, CHARLIE!

YIPPEE! I'D LIKE TO SEE DAD CATCH ME *NOW!*

GOSH! THE COPS!

SECONDS LATER.

DON'T YOU KNOW BETTER THAN TO GO OVER THE SPEED LIMIT?

BAH! THAT'S WHAT COMES OF HELPING YOU OUT, CHARLIE! A SUMMONS!

GOSH! AND I'M MILES FROM HOME! LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE TO WALK ALL THE WAY BACK!

THREE WEARY HOURS LATER..

PUFF! HOME AT LAST! PUFF!

I'M TOO TIRED TO GO IN SO I'LL JUST REST UP AND WATCH THE TELLY!

COO! WHAT LUCK! THERE'S A CRICKET MATCH ON—AND I LOVE CRICKET!

YOW! WHAT A HIT!

HELP! HE'S KNOCKED A BALL OUT HERE!

CRASH!

OH, NO! NOT ANOTHER WINDOW!.. UH?

OH, YES! AND I'VE GOT YOU THIS TIME!

AND SO.

BAH! FANCY GETTING A WHOOPING FOR A BROKEN WINDOW THAT YOU *DIDN'T* BREAK!

BE A SMASHER AND WRITE TO SMASH!—

you'll win £1 if your letter is printed!

Dear Alf and Cos,

I hope that no member of the public is thick enough to assume that SMASH and other Power comics are just for children! Because I beg to differ. In theory, SMASH, etc., are delivered for my brother (8 yrs), but on Saturday mornings (SMASH DAY), there are squabbles and Hulk type fights between my brother, sister (16 yrs) and myself (19 and at a teacher training school) as to who is to have the pleasure of reading SMASH first. And I've even noticed Mum and Dad having a sneaky little read when they think no-one is looking; and POW, is there trouble, if every issue isn't saved for when I go home at the end of term. SMASH is the greatest comic ever, and best of all POWER comics.

Maxine Smith,
Warrington, Lancs

P.S.: Please, please print this, students are always broke, and I spent my last 4d on a stamp!

Why shouldn't we print your P.S. Maxie? Actually, we've never heard anyone tell us to our face that POWER comics are harmful. And if anyone does we'll give 'em your answer. Courageous Cos and Adamant Alf.

Dear Alf and Cos,

SMASH is by miles the best comic in Cyprus because it has good stories in it such as The Swots and Blots, and the Nerks. But although I have seen lots of SMASH comics in Cyprus I have not yet seen a SMASH Sweater. May I start the fashion?

Susan Border,
Cyprus

'Fraid not, Susan! — we've run out of them — but there's a good ol' English pound note on its way to you instead.
Alf and Cos

Dear Alf and Cos,

I am afraid that, since I started reading your supercalifragilistic expealidocious comics, I too, like many other innocent people have been turned into a power-mad maniac (mad on your comics!). Unfortunately once affected by this mania, it is impossible to ever be the same as

before again, so there be it, ye evil devils! I would like to say that I am pleased to say the least, that among other things, you do not have a joke page or a football story in any of your comics, which help to make them different from all other comics. But, please, no more of this awful advertising on the back page of the Power comics, please. Such a waste of good power-story space. I think as Alf's handsome photograph was printed in one of the comics a few weeks ago, I say, let's see Bart's and Cos's photographs as well. (Here's hoping flattery will get me everywhere.) I'm sure others agree with me.

Who is Merry Margaret Smith? This is my 25th letter to you, so if you do not print it, I shall never, never buy any of your comics again! As I have written my letter in orange ink you can't really miss it. And please, do not bring out any more Power Comics, as five is too much to afford now!

Geoffrey Hadd,
Bournemouth, Hants

Pity we couldn't print this in orange ink — so everyone could see what a bright letter it was.

Alf and Cos

WRITE TO:—

SMASH, 64 LONG ACRE, LONDON, WC2

INCHMAN
TO THE RESCUE WITH THE FLEETMASTER CRANE!
Passing a building site Inchman hears cries of FIRE! A welding cylinder has exploded! He snaps into action...
THE NEW DINKY FLEETMASTER CRANE HAS A WORKING JIB THAT FOLDS FOR TRAVELLING
INCHMAN SPOTS A PARKED FLEETMASTER MOBILE CRANE HE TELLS TO THE DRIVER TO START UNFOLDING THE JIB...
WE'LL USE TH S AS AN EMERGENCY TURNTABLE LADDER
AS THEY WORK INCHMAN EXPLAINS HIS PLAN TO SAVE THREE MEN FROM THE BLAZING INFERNO
THE DINKY FLEETMASTER HAS A FINE SWIVELLING TURNTABLE AND A JIB THAT CAN BE RAISED AND LOWERED...
HOLD ON! BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE...
INCHMAN LOCKS THE JIB IN WORKING POSITION RAISES IT AND SWINGS IT CAREFULLY TOWARDS THE TRAPPED MEN
TWO OF THE TRAPPED MEN QUICKLY LASH THE UNCONSCIOUS MATE TO THE HOOK. HIS SAFETY BELT TAKES THE STRAIN THEY STAND ON THE HOOK BLOCK AND GRAB THE CABLE AS THEY SWING OUT OF DANGER
THE DINKY FLEETMASTER HAS A CLEVER 2 IN 1 WINDING MECHANISM TO LIFT AND LOWER THE JIB ...AND TO RAISE AND LOWER THE HOOK
INCHMAN LOWERS THE MEN SAFELY TO THE GROUND. HE'S DONE IT AGAIN!
THE WORKING LOAD INDICATOR REGISTERS UP TO 10 TONS...
YOU CERTAINLY SAVED OUR LIVES INCHMAN...
THANKS TO THE FLEETMASTER MOBILE CRANE!
DINKY FLEETMASTER CRANE Crane jib unfolds, swivels, goes up and down. Hook on the hook. Operated by dual-action winder mechanism. Weight indicator. Control lever. All finished in authentic, lorry colours.
GET A DINKY JONES FLEETMASTER CANTILEVER CRANE & USE IT'S ACTION FEATURES FOR LOTS OF EXCITING ADVENTURES! ASK FOR MODEL Nº 970. 2½-
THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW FROM
DINKY TOYS.
Precision die-cast scale models by Meccano Limited and by Hamleys, Harrods, Gamages, Selfridges and all good toy shops.

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

IN THE MIDST OF HIS EPIC DUEL WITH SINISTER DOCTOR GLOOM, RUBBERMAN SUBMITS HIMSELF TO THE RAYS OF A 'MOLECULAR' MACHINE, AND BECOMES 'HUMAN' AGAIN. THEN HE SEES DOCTOR GLOOM'S ASSISTANT, OTTO, ABOUT TO SHOOT A NEWSPAPERMAN FRIEND...

RUBBERMAN IS UNABLE TO MAKE HIMSELF HEARD.

WAYNE CAN'T HEAR ME. I CAN'T WARN HIM THAT HE IS ABOUT TO BE SHOT!

I HEARD A **MONSTER** WAS SEEN UP THERE!

A MONSTER! THAT'S WHAT THE POLICE SAID!

BEFORE, I COULD HAVE HELPED HIM! BUT NOT NOW. BECAUSE I'M ONLY FLESH AND BLOOD AGAIN — **BECAUSE I AM NO LONGER MADE OF RUBBER!**

BUT HE HAS TO DO **SOMETHING...**

HEY! MY HAT! WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH MY HAT?

SORRY! YOU MAY LOSE YOUR HAT, BUT SOMEONE ELSE MAY LOSE **HIS LIFE!**

THE HAT SAILS THROUGH THE AIR...

UUUH! WHAT?

IT WORKED! IT STARTLED HIM! HIS SHOT WENT WIDE!

LOOK OUT! THAT MAN'S GOT A GUN! HE'S SHOOTING AT SOMEONE!

BUT SNARLING OTTO FIRES ANOTHER SHOT

CURSE YOU, RUBBERMAN

AAHH!

RUBBERMAN...!

WAYNE MARTIN RUSHES TO HIS FRIEND'S SIDE.

YOU'VE BEEN SHOT! YOU... BUT, YOU'RE **BLEEDING...!**

THAT'S RIGHT, WAYNE! ONLY A NICK! BUT I'M BLEEDING, BECAUSE I'M NOT A **RUBBERMAN ANY MORE!**

NOT RUBBER...! BUT WHAT HAPPENED? HOW DID...?

TELL YOU LATER! AFTER I'VE GRABBED THAT GUY — HE KNOWS WHERE DOCTOR GLOOM IS HIDING!

DESPITE THE DANGER, RUBBERMAN'S HEART IS POUNDING WITH JOY AS HE GIVES CHASE.

I'M A HUMAN BEING AGAIN! I'M NO LONGER A LIVING FREAK! I'M A MAN LIKE ANY OTHER MAN AGAIN!

THE GUN'S EMPTY! I MUST TRY TO LOSE HIM

AH! HE'S GOING THROUGH THAT DOORWAY!

BUT, A MOMENT LATER, AS HE REACHES OUT TO STOP GLOOM'S HENCHMAN FROM BOLTING A DOOR...

THE WINDOW! IT'S NOT TOO HIGH FROM THE GROUND— I CAN JUMP DOWN AGAIN BEFORE RUBBERMAN GETS ME!

HE'S NOT GOING TO... HHHUUUUHH? WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME...?

MY ARM — MY WHOLE BODY! I CAN *STRETCH* IT AGAIN! I—I'M MADE OF *RUBBER* ONCE MORE...!

I...I'M JUST A *FREAK* AGAIN!

AS RUBBERMAN PAUSES, GRIEF STABBING LIKE A KNIFE THROUGH HIM, OTTO LEAPS...

I THOUGHT HE HAD ME BACK THERE— SO SOMETHING MUST HAVE SLOWED HIM UP...!

HE'S NO LONGER AFTER ME! NOW I CAN GET BACK TO THE DOCTOR AND TELL HIM WHAT'S HAPPENED!

WAYNE MARTIN CATCHES UP WITH RUBBERMAN, AND...

WHERE IS HE? DID HE GET AWAY?

I DON'T *KNOW*! I DON'T *CARE*! I DON'T CARE ABOUT *ANYTHING* ANY MORE....!

AGAIN, LIKE A RECURRING NIGHTMARE, HE HEARS THE GASPS OF STARTLED ONLOOKERS...

LOOK! LOOK AT THAT MAN!

HE— THAT *CAN'T* BE A MAN...

THE MOLECULAR MACHINE. I TURNED IT ON TO AS HIGH A PITCH AS I DARED! BUT IT WASN'T ENOUGH *TO KEEP* ME FLESH AND BLOOD... IT *WASN'T ENOUGH!*

BUT OF THIS, DOCTOR GLOOM AND OTTO KNOW NOTHING...

YES, IT'S TRUE! I SAW IT! HE WAS JUST LIKE ANY OTHER MAN...!

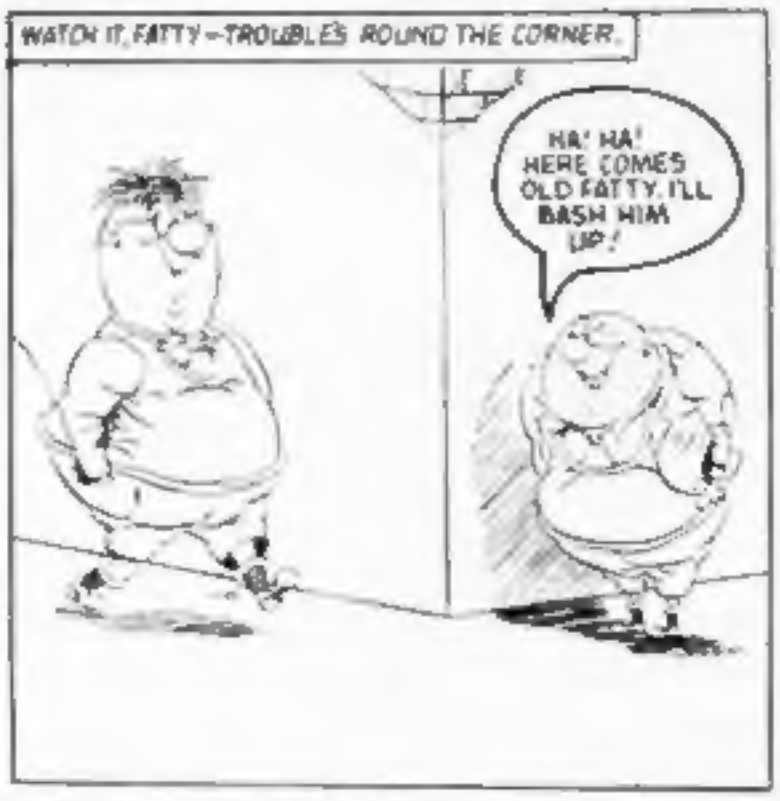
AND JUST AS VULNERABLE, EH? AND NO LONGER AS DANGEROUS...

HE AND THAT REPORTER KNOW TOO MUCH ABOUT ME. THE REPORTER WILL BE *EASY* TO DISPOSE OF... AND, NOW, *SO IS RUBBERMAN!*

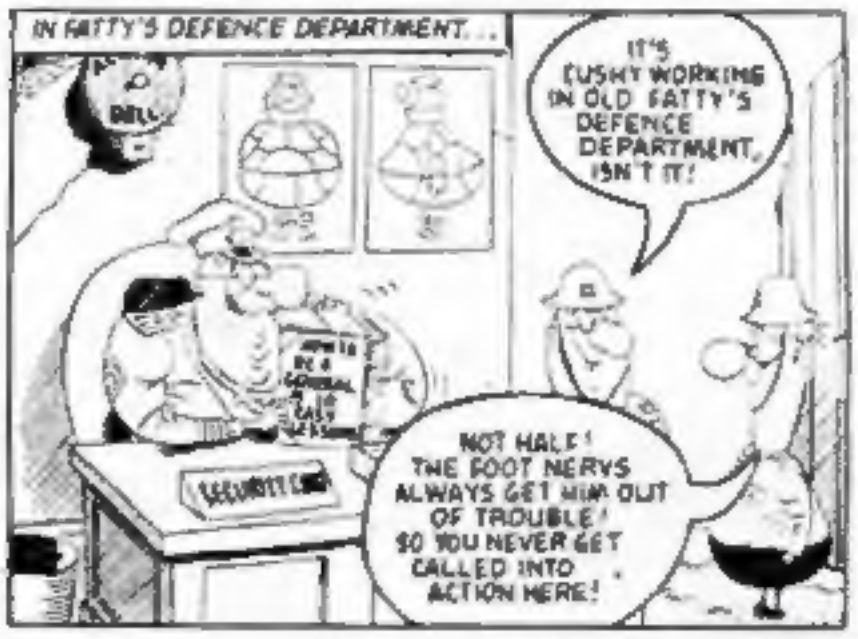
IF IT'S SURPRISE-PACKED *POWERFUL* ACTION YOU WANT—THEN DON'T MISS OUT NEXT ISH!

THE NERVS

FATTY'S FEELING ON TOP OF THE WORLD TODAY...
TUM-TI TUM-TI!


WATCH IT, FATTY—TROUBLE'S ROUND THE CORNER.
HA! HA! HERE COMES OLD FATTY. I'LL BASH HIM UP!

HELP! IT'S BERTIE BASHEM AND I'VE NO CHANCE OF ESCAPE!
GOT YOU AT LAST, FATTY! NOW I'M GONNA BASH YOU UP!


IN FATTY'S DEFENCE DEPARTMENT...
IT'S CUSHY WORKING IN OLD FATTY'S DEFENCE DEPARTMENT, ISN'T IT!
NOT HALF! THE FOOT NERVS ALWAYS GET HIM OUT OF TROUBLE! SO YOU NEVER GET CALLED INTO ACTION HERE!

EEK! SOMEBODY MUST BE ABOUT TO ATTACK FATTY—AND IT LOOKS LIKE THE FOOT DEPARTMENT'S LET US DOWN!
GOOD GRIEF! WHAT'S HAPPENING?

IN THE PIT OF FATTY'S STOMACH...
FATTY'S PIT
O.K., DAI, MAN! OFF YOU GO NOW!
GIVE US A BIT OF A HAND, MAN—THIS IS HEAVY!

LOOKS LIKE FATTY'S RECEIVING A HAND—OR MORE LIKE A FIST
THUNK!

HELP! IT'S A CAVE-IN! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!
FATTY'S PIT

MEANWHILE, IN FATTY'S EYE DEPARTMENT...
WATCH OUT, LEFTY! WE'RE BEING ATTACKED BY BERTIE BASHEM!
PARDON? I DIDN'T HEAR YOU!

YAAAGH! WHAT HIT ME? I'M DONE FOR!
I TOLD YOU—IT'S BERTIE BASHEM! HE STARTED WALLOPING OLD FATTY. HANG ON, WHILE I GET HELP!

BACK TO THE DEFENCE DEPARTMENT...
THERE'S A COLLAPSE IN THE PIT OF FATTY'S TUM—IT'S TERRIBLE!
THEN IT'S STARTED! SOMEONE'S ATTACKING OLD FATTY.

CAPTAIN! IT'S BERTIE BASHEM WHO'S ATTACKING FATTY, AND HE'S JUST BLACKED OUT LEFTY EYE NERV!
BERTIE BASHEM! FATTY DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE WITH HIM—WE'VE GOT TO ACT QUICKLY!

THE SITUATION'S DESPERATE, GET ALL THE SHATTERED NERVS INTO HOSPITAL, THEN GET DOWN AND PUMP SOME COURAGE INTO FATTY'S HEART—AT LEAST HE'LL TAKE HIS WALLOPING BRAVELY THEN!
RIGHT YOU ARE, CAPTAIN!

THAT'S THE LOT, DOC! HE'S FROM THE FOOT DEPARTMENT— FATTY'S JUST HAD HIS FOOT STAMPED ON.

OOOH!

FATTY WON'T HAVE ANY NERVS LEFT AT THIS RATE!

NEXT MOMENT...

TOOTH

WE'RE NEARLY AT THE HEART DEPARTMENT NOW!

TO HEART

OUCH! A DIRECT HIT!

MINUTES LATER IN THE HEART DEPARTMENT...

WE'VE DONE IT! FATTY'S HEART'S PUMPING AT FULL PRESSURE!

HEART MACHINE

GOOD! THAT SHOULD PUMP SOME COURAGE INTO HIM NOW!

COME ON, WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK AND SEE WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING!

TO HEART

O.K./ OK.! I'M DOING MY BEST!

BACK IN THE DEFENCE DEPARTMENT...

IT'S TERRIBLE, *TERRIBLE!* FATTY'S BEING ATTACKED ON ALL FRONTS—IT'S THE END!

AT LEAST HE'S GOT COURAGE— IT'LL BE A SPLENDID END!

THAT'S IT! ALL'S NOT LOST YET—ONE THING FATTY HAS GOT IS A SPLENDID END!

ALARM CLOCK

HIS *REAR* IS STILL STICKING OUT. HOW ABOUT US PUTTING ALL HIS WEIGHT INTO INTO A *REARGUARD* ACTION?

WHAT AN IDEA! FATTY CAN PUT ALL HIS EFFORTS BEHIND A REARGUARD ACTION!

TO BATTLE, LADS! WE'LL NEED EVERY NERV FATTY'S GOT TO PUT *THIS* ACTION ACROSS. THAT INCLUDES ALL THOSE IN THE HOSPITAL—SO GET 'EM ON PARADE!

YES, SIR!

AND SO, INTO BATTLE...

RAH! RAH!

NOW, LADS! FATTY'S MOMENT OF GLORY IS AT HAND. A HEAVY REARGUARD ACTION IS TO BE FOUGHT. EVERY NERV STRAINING TO HIS UTMOST WILL BE AT FATTY'S BACK. SIDE BY SIDE WE'LL SEE HIM VICTORIOUS AT THE END AND COME OUT ON TOP!

AND SO BACK TO FATTY...

HA! HA! THAT'S FIXED YOU, FATTY!

GRR! I'M NOT BEATEN YET!

I'VE GOT SOMETHING YOU HAVEN'T GOT...

HELP!

...WEIGHT!

BOING!

AAGH! YOU'RE CRUSHING ME!

BACK TO THE NERVS...

WELL DONE, LADS! A CRUSHING DEFEAT FOR BEATIE BASHEM!

FATTY WON IN THE END—WHAT A VICTORY!

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